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# The Cheerful Letter

**Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.**

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## GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN

WHEN a man, making earnest with prayer, sets himself to practice communion with God, he is likely to awaken with a start some day to a disturbing reflection. "This thing that I am doing," he may well say, "presupposes that the Almighty God takes a personal interest in me. I am taking for granted when I pray that the Eternal is specially solicitous on my behalf. Praying may seem a simple matter, but on what an enormous assumption does it rest!" Now, this reflection accords entirely with the facts. Prayer does involve confidence that God takes interest in the individual who prays. The fact, for example, that the Bible is preeminently a book of prayer, involves of necessity the companion fact that the God of the Bible cares for individuals. He knows all the stars by name (Psalm 147:4); he numbers the hairs of our heads (Matt. 10:30); of all the sparrows "not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God (Luke 12:6). John is expressing his thought of God as well as his interpretation of Christ when he says, "He calleth his own sheep by name" (John 10:3). God is like a shepherd who misses even one lost from his flock, a housewife who seeks for a single coin, a father who grieves for one boy gone wrong (Luke 15). Of all the children in the world, says Jesus, "It is not the will of your Father . . . that one of these little ones should perish" (Matt. 18:14).

God is a father, and the essence of fatherhood is individual care for the children. For all that there are so many of us, as St. Augustine said, "*He loves us every one as though there were but one of us to love.*" That is the message of the Book, and it underlies the possibility of vital prayer.

This truth that God cares for every one of us is easy to speak about, beautiful to contemplate, but hard to believe. How *can* God care for each of us? We know the heart of Jesus well enough to understand that he loved every one he met. But *God?* How can we make it real to ourselves that he who sustains the milky way, who holds Orion and the Pleiades in his leash, knows us by name?

For one thing, we seem too small and insignificant for him to know. Even the Psalmist felt the wonder of man's worth in such a world when he cried: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Psalm 8:3, 4). The Psalmist, however, never saw more than 6,000 stars from the heights of Zion. We today can see 100,000,000 of them through our telescopes. . . . How, in the face of this new knowledge of the universe, can we pray in the confidence that God knows and cares for each one of us?

Many a man's faith is undone and his prayers stopped by this appalling contrast between the size of the world and his own smallness. The microscope, however, should counteract a little the disheartening influence of the telescope. It is evident that the Power which cares for the stars cares for all things with utter disregard of size. So far as physical nature has any testimony to bear on the matter at all, she says, "There is nothing too great for the Creator to accomplish, and nothing too small for him to attend to. The microscopic world is his as well as the stars."

The real answer to our doubt, how-

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ever, comes not from physical nature at all, but from spiritual insight. We are so small that God cannot care for every one of us? *But surely, we ourselves are not accustomed to judge comparative value by size.* As children we may have chosen a penny rather than a dime because the penny was larger; but as maturity arrives that basis of choice is outgrown. The dearest possessions of the human race—diamonds and little children, for example—are notable for their comparative smallness. A mother's love for her baby is not a matter of pounds and ounces. When one believes in God at all, the consequence is plain. God must have at least our spiritual insight to perceive the difference between *size* and *worth.* Mere bulk cannot deceive him. He must know where in all his universe the real values lie.

The thinker is of nobler worth than any external thing that he can think about; the seer is more wonderful than all he sees; and righteousness, friendship, generosity, courage, wisdom, love, functions of personality, all of them, are, so far as *value* goes, worth more than infinite galaxies of stars. No star ever knew that it was even being gazed upon. No star ever felt God's hand upon it, or was moved by gratitude for its creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life. As an astronomer watches the unconscious heavens, does not God know, as we do, that the man, with his powers of vision, intellect, volition and character, is far more marvelous than all the stars he sees? *Personality is the one infinitely valuable treasure in the universe.* If God is, he cares; if he cares, he cares for personality. "For Jehovah's portion is his people" (Deut. 32:9).

The difficulty which many experience in trying to conceive of God's individual care is complicated by the fact that not only are we small, but there are countless multitudes of us. With so many people, how can God know us all by name? . . . We may help ourselves to the conception of God's individual care, which is essential to all vital and earnest praying, by noting that knowledge always breaks up vague masses into individual units and cares for each of them. When an ignoramus goes into a library, he can see only long rows of books, almost indistinguishable as units. But when the librarian comes, the student and lover of books, he knows each one by name. Each volume has its special associations; he knows the edition, the value, the contents, the author, the purpose. *The more he knows as a librarian, the less he sees books in the mass; the more he knows them one by one.*

The average man returns from seeing the turbines at Niagara with a vague impression of enormous masses moving at tremendous speed. But the engineer? He knows every bolt and screw, every lever and piston; he knows the particular details of secret bearing and balanced strain. The more he knows as an engineer, the more he sees the details and not the bulk. Ignorance sees things in mass; knowledge breaks all masses up into units and knows each one; omniscience perfectly understands and cares for every most detail.

Consider then the meaning of God's knowledge of men. When a stranger thinks of China, he imagines a vague multitude with faces that look all alike. When a missionary thinks of China, the vague multitude is shaken loose in one spot, and individuals there stand out, separately known and loved. When God thinks of China, he knows every one of the Chinese by name. He does for humanity what a librarian does for his books, or an engineer for his turbines. *We stand, every one, separate in his thought.* He

lifts us up from the obscurity of our littleness; he picks us out from the multitude of our fellows; he gives to our lives the dignity of his individual care. The Eternal God calls us every one by name.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
in *The Meaning of Prayer.*

## QUIET MOMENTS WITH THE PSALMIST

*Psalm 3—The Benediction of the Night*

"THE Drama of Night and Morning" is the suggestive title that Moulton has given to this very human poem. Two successive pictures represent the devout soul, one at the close of a long wearisome day (verses 1-4) and the other at the coming of morning light (verses 5-8). With the benediction of a night of rest the increasing troubles of the evening give way to the peace and triumph of morning.

To the tune of "Nobody knows de trouble ah's seen, nobody knows but Jesus," the Christian pours out without reserve a full statement of his woes. Expression—when God is the listener—gives relief. With his enumeration of troubles he confesses his confidence in God's power to lift up his discouraged head and be the glory of his countenance. And with the outpouring of his prayer comes the quiet assurance of God's love, and he lies down to gentle slumber.

Note that there is no startling answer to his petition—only peaceful assurance of God's love and calm trust in His protection come as a response, and he lies down and sleeps securely. Singular proof of God's favor is it, that on such a fearful night he can lie calmly down and sleep. Such is the effect of confidence in God upon the Christian's peace of mind in time of trouble.

And what about the morning? He awakes, still "safe in the arms of Jesus," for the Lord has sustained him. Deep distress has been turned into fearless victory. On this new day he will not be afraid of ten thousand enemies who set themselves against him.

Whence the change from evening to morning? Ah, it is the benediction of the night breathed upon the child of God who trustfully commits his all to Him who "will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Psalm 121:3, 4.

Psalm 3 becomes all the more significant when we realize that it was written under the most distressing circumstances. David—father and king, "betrayed by his son whom he had loved and indulged and unwisely trusted, wronged and deserted by subjects bound to him by the strongest ties of honor and fealty"—was fleeing for his life from the face of Absalom. But in this hour of darkest trial, he could sing the words of our psalm. (Read the story in 2 Samuel 13-19 for a clearer picture of his distress.)

And will God do less for you? Ah, if you cry unto the Lord in confidence and lie down peacefully to sleep, He will turn your night of gloom into a morning of gladness and enlarge your heart so you can pray with David, "Salvation belongeth unto Jehovah: Thy blessing be upon Thy people." Psalm 3:8, R. V.

—By CHARLES E. WENIGER
in *Signs of the Times.*

## WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you heave a sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must—but don't you quit.

—*Selected.*

## PASS IT ON

AS you go through life let your good fellowship follow you as the ripples follow the wake of a ship. If you have any kindness to do, do it now. If you have anyone you should encourage, do it now. Pass on the sunshine, and don't wait until it is too late.

—CHARLES F. RAYMOND.

## CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

**It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.**

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

## CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

The Department calls attention to a waiting list of *regular correspondents.* Some local committees do not carry on this branch of *Cheerful Letter* work. Why not consider the adoption of just one shut-in? A *regular correspondent* will be sent upon request.

To those workers having *regular correspondents* and rural schools, the Department suggests the sending of material concerning our two notable Presidents, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Also Valentine's Day comes this month. Your *Cheerful Letter* family or school will enjoy a Valentine remembrance in some form.

### CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This is important and it should be done in order to avoid duplication in arranging for *regular correspondents.*

1. Mrs. Louise Doss, Sandy Level, Va., is 26 years old and has two children, a girl of 2 and a boy of 3. She hopes some friend will write her soon and send some picture cards for the children.

2. I live way back up in the mountains of Arkansas and there is no church or Sunday School or any kind of entertainment for young folks. I made up my mind to write to the Cheerful Letter Exchange and see if I could hear from or correspond with someone. I am 22 years old and have a little boy of 20 months who loves to play with toys. I like religious reading, fancy work and quilt pieces. Please don't think I am begging, I only want something to cheer us now and then when my husband is away. I wish the Exchange much joy and cheer. Mrs. Leta Gibby, Copeland, Ark.

3. Here is an 18-year-old girl, Miss Virgie Berry, Scotland, Ark., who would like to correspond with one of our younger workers. She had to quit school last year and help her mother at home with the younger members of the family. She likes to sew and reading matter would help, too. Some Valentine material might be sent. She hopes someone will want to write to a lonely country girl.

4. Mrs. Hasie P. Stegall, Route 1, Box 270, Monroe, N. C., is 50 years old and has nine children, 10 to 28 in age. She wants to write monthly to one of our workers and is also interested to receive some quilt scraps.

5. I am 20 years old and have one boy, age 8 months. It is lonely where we live and I cannot get out very much, the baby takes so much of my time. It will be nice to receive some letters and I hope whoever adopts me will send a toy for the baby. I enjoy sewing also. Mrs. John S. Terry, Route 3, Box 21, Spencer, Va.

6. A friend gave me a copy of your *Cheerful Letter Magazine* and I decided to write this Department for a regular correspondent. I am 41 years of age and have eight children, ages 3 to 22 years. Just because I have such a large family I hope that will not mean that somebody will not want to adopt us for correspondence. Mrs. Lilbern Hart, Husk, N. C.

7. Mrs. Gladys Combs, Route 1, Athens, Tenn., is 30 years old and would like to correspond monthly. She has no children.

8. We are anxious to get some letters to give us some idea of the world outside of this mountainous region where we live. I am 29 years old and have a boy 7 years old and a girl, three. We used to live in a small town but were forced to move to the mountains on account of my husband's poor health. Mrs. Ethel M. Nolen, Ferrum, Va.

## APPEALS

These Appeals need not be answered a second time and we ask you not to take them as a *regular correspondent* no matter how appealing the acknowledgment is for the package. For any exception please address this Department.

1. Will you please admit me into your friendly circle? I am 62 years old, and my husband is 70 and has to walk on crutches. We have two children with us, one a girl who is a widow, and the other a boy, who farms for our living. My daughter would like crochet cotton and patterns and I would like some quilt pieces and thread. Mrs. W. Lee Reynolds, Route 4, Gordo, Ala.

2. Miss Laura Proffitt, Cobham, Va., has used all her quilt pieces and would be very glad to get some more. She is not able to do any heavy work and spends most of her time quilt making. Some patterns would be interesting.

3. I am a widow and have nine children at home, 7 boys and 2 girls; ages 12 to 28 yrs. Please remember us with any good reading and sewing materials. Mrs. Emily Bishop, Route 1, Dayton, Tenn.

4. Mrs. Dillie Miller, Route 1, Box 83, Whitetop, Va., writes that she is the mother of nine children, six girls, ages 5 to 17; and three boys, ages 18 to 20. She also keeps her 76-year-old mother-in-law who has heart trouble. Consequently, Mrs. Miller is confined indoors most of the time. A little cheer would be acceptable in the way of quilt scraps, sugar bags and something for the children in school. A few Valentine novelties might be included.

5. I am wondering if in some way I could hear from a few *Cheerful Letter* friends as I don't have any of my own folks near me. My husband and I are along in years and we get so lonesome. Could you send some reading and quilt scraps, or something to make rugs? I will close, praying and trusting that my letter will be published in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Mrs. Mary M. Middleton, Route 1, Conway, Ark.

6. Mrs. Ida Ratliff, Spray, N. C., has a little crippled boy that will be four years old next June. She hopes someone will remember him on Valentine's Day because he cannot get out to play like other children. Mrs. Ratliff has other children, too, so any reading or pictures can be included in a package.

7. Since I am so lonely with my five small children I wish I could hear from a lot of the *Cheerful Letter* workers with some cheer. Any kind of reading matter, storybooks and pictures would cheer the whole family. My two little girls, ages 7 and 9, would enjoy some paper dolls and valentine material. Mrs. Will D. Wiles, R. F. D. 2, Whitetop, Va.

8. Mrs. Bessie McCutcheon, Naches, Wash., has two children, a boy of 6 and a girl of 9. They live in a small mountain village and it gets rather lonesome at times. They would consider it quite a favor to receive any good reading or sewing material. (Pacific Coast workers please note.)

9. I am writing to you because I get so blue taking care of my large family of seven. Please send me some cheer; thread, quilt pieces, needles or stamped pieces. Just anything to bring a little sunshine into a home where the mother gets so out of heart. Mrs. Bettie Pennington, Clifton, N. C.

10. Mrs. Mattie Martin, Spray, N. C., lives with her aged mother and they are a very lonesome couple. They would gladly thank anyone who would be so kind as to send quilt scraps or used towels. They have no way of making a living and a few *Cheerful Letter* approved articles would mean a great deal.

11. Miss Hazel Preslar, Route 2, Peachland, N. C., lives in a back-wood settlement and has no way to go anywhere. She left school after the tenth grade owing to her mother's poor health and would like a change in the way of reading instead of all housework. Hazel is 18 years old and her mother is a regular correspondent of one of our branches but the Department thought it would be nice to give this girl her own appeal.

## ATTENTION— CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

If you drop a *regular correspondent* for any special reason—or fail to hear from your *regular correspondent*—please notify this Department. This is very important if the permanent files are to be kept up-to-date, and of value to our many workers.

## ROSARY OF FRIENDS

Always, when the old year ends,
I clasp my rosary of friends,
And pause to breathe a thankful prayer
For every bead of friendship there.

—*Marie Barton.*

## A WOMAN IN THE NEWS

### Aviation Pursued to Help Children

WHEN Jacqueline Cochran, of aviation renown, was 11 years old, she had to go to work. She was what she calls a full-fledged orphan. She hadn't any people, and she was early put to board with a family whose duty it was to see that she went to school. Her teacher was a severe woman whom practically everyone but Jacqueline failed to get along with. Jacqueline got rapped over the fingers with a ruler just as much as anyone else, yet somehow she liked the teacher, did odd chores for her after school, learned a lot from her and was more influenced by her than anyone else she has ever come into contact with. When she had to leave school, and when she went to work, she said to herself that if ever she earned enough money to keep herself and have some left over, she was going to find a way to use it to do something for children—something of the kind that the teacher, struggling with unruly children in a dismal little schoolhouse, did for her.

She could not put into words just what it was the teacher did for her, but she could feel it. The teacher gave her purpose, a determination in face of obstacles, a will to do. And that is why workmen within the present year will begin on a ranch at Indio, Calif., 20 miles or so east of Palm Springs, to build a home where Miss Cochran hopes to take over the destinies of 24 orphans, and try to help equip them for an honorable and useful place in the world.

In social and private life Jacqueline Cochran is Mrs. Floyd B. Odlum, wife of a financier. The unthinking thing to conclude would be that if Miss Cochran took it into her head to establish a home for orphans, all she has to do is to let her husband underwrite it. But to conclude that is not to see her clearly, or to understand that following such a course would not be carrying through her idea at all. If she does it, she has to do it herself, with her own money, by

her own planning, and on her own responsibility. That is her philosophy.

Eleven years old, and she had to go to work. Her wage was $1.50 a week, and a place to sleep and food after a fashion—long hours, exacting employers, jumping and running at imperious demands.

But she must have been worthy her hire, because by the time she was 14 she was worth $35 a week.

She got ahead and ahead. When she was 19, she had a shop of her own in Florida. She kept thinking still of those days in school, and that teacher whom nearly everyone else disliked but who had made her see how it is that a person can become what he will; and she kept thinking that a time would come when she would be able to turn back into the world something that would help children who were as she had been.

She still didn't have any margin of money with which to do anything about it. But not having it didn't let her forget that she would some day.

She gave up her shop to go to New York and work in a department store, because she had a chance, and it seemed she might get ahead faster.

Miss Cochran has worked long enough, and hard enough to know that things worth having often come slowly, so she is in no hurry about her orphan home. The land has been acquired, the preliminary work on it will start soon. But she realizes that some time—perhaps even a couple of years—may intervene before the project is fully under way, because she wishes to get it started entirely on her own resources.

"I don't like," she adds, "to talk about an undertaking until it is an actuality. So many things can happen." But seeing Miss Cochran, and knowing her background, one feels that nothing is likely to arise to side-track this ambition of hers.

She learned to fly. Not for fun. Because she thought she could combine flying with work, and make her work pay better. She took 37 hours of training over at Roosevelt Field, and then she put in eight solid months in California with a very experienced Navy flier who taught her not to do the kind of flying that is mostly posing beside an airplane for newsreels, but the kind that any experienced pilot can respect. And on top of that, she took months more of intensive training in blind or instrument flying and navigation under one of the oldest and ablest airline pilots.

She was right. She was able to combine flying with her basic job, and use it to get ahead. She entered the long race to Australia; not for glory, but as a cold business proposition. To her, winning meant $200,000 or more, and even placing meant independence. But the ship which she counted on to win—and which she is still confident would have won—failed her a month before the race and the substitute one, still untested and needing many adjustments, in which she took off, was forced out near the Black Sea in Roumania.

She got to a point where she could have two shops, instead of the one she had had. One in Chicago and another in Los Angeles.

"I hope," she said, "to gather together children who when they come to the ranch are about a year old. I'm going to do the best I can to give them a happy, safe, well cared for life. I'm not going to pamper them. It won't be an expensive building but it will be clean. The land itself will provide most of the food. They're going to be accustomed to the idea, as early as they are accustomed to anything, that the world is theirs only as they share its work.

"That sounds a little long-faced, perhaps.

"When they are old enough to understand, I'm going to let them see how it is that the money that pays for it all is being lent to them. That they are not to repay me, but that they are to repay the home itself, so that it may be self-perpetuating, and others may come, after they have found out what they themselves can do, as independent citizens in the world, and have gone out to do it."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

## FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY holds her head
Proudly as she comes;
February marches bravely
To the beat of drums.
Marches in to offer to us
Birthdays of the great—
Birthdays that we patriots
Love to celebrate.

—RUTH M. GRIFFITHS
in *The Beacon.*

## THE "SOUND OF THE AURORA"

MANY persons have reported that they have heard a faint hissing or "swishing" sound during an auroral display. Scientific observers have never believed that the aurora makes a noise, however slight, but they have had no explanation to offer of the "swishing."

But according to a Norwegian expert, who writes to *Nature* (London), the sound is caused by the falling of minute ice-crystals due to the freezing of the moisture in the observer's breath.

The writer calls attention to the fact that this explanation has already been offered by the explorer Roald Amundsen, in his book, "The South Pole," but apparently it has escaped the notice of scientists. We read:

It can not be doubted that many persons have heard a distinct sound when watching a brilliant display of aurora.

Naturally, they have connected the two phenomena and have assumed that the sound was emitted by the aurora. Communications regarding the auroral sound appear now and then, and recently Mr. J. H. Johnsen has collected a great number of reports on the auroral sound in his pamphlet, "Concerning the Aurora Borealis."

Examining these reports, one finds that the auroral sound, with few exceptions, is described as a weak but distinct swishing or hissing sound which is heard during auroral displays on calm nights and at low-air temperatures. I wish to emphasize the fact that the air temperature, in the cases in which it is stated, ranges between −35 degrees Fahrenheit and −50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Very few investigators of the aurora admit that the sounds which have been heard can be ascribed to the aurora, but a satisfactory explanation of the observations is not yet commonly known, in spite of the fact that such an explanation has been given by Roald Amundsen in his book, "The South Pole." Amundsen says, "The swishing aurora does not exist. What one hears is one's own breath which freezes in the cold air."

The "swishing breath," Mr. Sverdrup goes on to say, is a phenomenon well known to many arctic travelers and to natives, but it has not often been mentioned in scientific literature.

From my own experience, I can confirm that when the air temperature is below −40 degrees Fahrenheit and calm prevails, one hears a swishing or hissing sound when exhaling, possibly because the water vapor of the breath immediately condenses to ice-crystals which collide when falling to the ground.

The sound of the freezing breath is very distinct but weak, and is, therefore, heard only when the observer is standing still and listening intently.

—*Literary Digest.*

## ROOTS

Not one fair flower blooms
Without its roots—
Scentless, not colorful,
Yet living, reaching out.

When life seems dark to us
The Gardener knows all;
He sees the roots, the bloom
Reach out to Him!

—ELIZABETH A. DELAPIERRE.

DIRECTIONAL. — A tourist stopped his car on the road and asked a little country boy how far it was to Smithville.

The little boy replied: "It's 24,999 miles the way you're goin', but if you turn around it ain't but four." — *The Sentinel.*

## SMALL HANDS BUSY WITH PUPPETS WILL STAY AWAY FROM MISCHIEF

PUPPETS, contends Miss Myrtle Turner, are the best cure for the fretful restlessness that turns children to mischief. Puppet construction and operation keep idle hands busy and give full rein to the creative imagination that is the essence of the play world of make-believe.

Miss Turner, a slim, coolly-poised young woman with a coronet of brown hair, has been making puppets and teaching others to make them ever since she was sixteen. She got the idea watching some of her friends make marionettes for Tony Sarg. For the last ten years she has made and manipulated marionettes in night clubs, Broadway shows and touring puppet shows which have taken her to all parts of the United States.

Right now, Miss Turner thinks, with days ahead that must be spent chiefly indoors, is an excellent time for children to experiment with puppets.

Hand puppets—the Punch and Judy type—are best for beginners.

"These puppets," Miss Turner explains, "differ from marionettes. Instead of jointed wooden bodies, worked by strings, they are made of hollow heads sewed to sacks fitted over the hand of the puppeteer.

"To make these simple puppets, choose for the head a round gourd, rubber sponge, rubber ball, cork or even a potato or carrot, carved into a hollow ball. Cut a circular hole in one end of the head. Paint a face and paste or tack on red, yellow, brown or black wool yarn for hair.

"For the body use a salt or sugar bag. Pull the strings at the neck of the bag so that the opening fits the neck opening of the head and tack or sew the bag to the head.

"Cut two holes at the upper corners of the bag and slit the bottom. For clothes, sew colorful gingham, satin or velveteen scraps to the bag.

"Now slip your hand into the bag and insert your index finger in the head and your thumb and middle finger through the openings in the upper corners of the bag. The puppet will come to life, nod, bow and clap his hands at your will."

For animal puppets Miss Turner suggests that the child sew the head of a toy animal to the neck of the sack and the forepaws of the animal to the upper corners of the sack.

### How to Model Puppet Faces

The more ambitious child who wishes to model the faces of Punch and Judy, his favorite comic strip character or movie star, can do so by following this method:

First, model the head of plastolene. Soak wrapping paper in water for 10 minutes. Squeeze water out and tear the paper into small pieces the size of a thumbnail. Mix wallpaper paste and water until the mixture is as thick as mayonnaise. Wet with the paste and apply the bits of paper over the model, completely covering the head with two layers of overlapping fragments.

Let the head stand overnight. Then cut it in half vertically so the face will be on one half, the back of the head on the other half. The papier mache mold will slip off the plastolene model. Reinforce the inside of the papier mache with several layers of torn wrapping paper and let it dry overnight. Then glue or cement together the halves.

Paint the face and either paint on hair or fasten yarn, steel wool, crepe hair or a doll's wig to the skull.

Fasten this head to a simple sack of sheeting or muslin.

If the child wishes to make hands for the puppet instead of using his thumb and middle finger as hands, Miss Turner suggests wooden, kid or felt hands sewed to the corners of the sack. As an alternative, sew kid curlers or pipe cleaners to the sack for fingers of the hand.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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ADDITION.—MOTHER (teaching her son arithmetic): "Now take the Smith family—there's mummy, daddy, and the baby. How many does that make?"

BRIGHT SON: "Two and one to carry."
—*Stray Stories.*

## WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### A SENTRY FOR WASHINGTON

By Marian Willard

"GEE, what did he have to come in now for, couldn't he wait a week longer?"

Tommy Marvel scowled and kicked his left shoe against his right and then scowled all the harder at the back of the shabby little newcomer. The rest of the group of children looked as disgusted as Tommy did. Even Miss Arnold herself looked disturbed at the entrance of a new boy in her class at that particular time.

A contest was to be held in the Adams School on Washington's Birthday. Old Mr. Lord, whose grandfather had been a real soldier in Washington's army, had offered a prize to the Adams School. The room which would write, plan, and produce the best play, based on any event in Washington's life, was to receive a picture, a fine copy in colors of Washington Crossing the Delaware. The play must be written by the children, and it must be so planned that *every* child in the room should have some active part in it.

Now, three days before the play, a new boy appeared to be enrolled in Room 2. Everything was ready for rehearsal at the school hall. Wigs had been made from old stockings covered with cotton batting. Attics had been ransacked for old shawls and bonnets. Indian braves and squaws stood about the halls, gay with feathers, and wrapped in blankets taken from spare beds and summer camps. These were from Room 3, ready to present Braddock's defeat.

Room 4 had chosen a home scene at Mount Vernon. A dainty Martha Washington, with powdered hair and puffed skirt, sat at the table pouring tea for her guests, among them Lafayette, and with him Hamilton, and Washington, himself.

Now, only three days before the play was to be given, a new boy had come in to Room 2 who could not even speak English. "What can we do with him?" scolded Tommy. "He can't speak a word of English or even understand us."

"I can talk his talk, I tell him," and Tony, his eyes snapping eagerly, spoke to the newcomer in his own tongue. Poor little Joe could understand no English, but he could and did understand that he was not very welcome in Room 2 on that snowy February morning. His brave little chin was lifted in an attempt to show Room 2 that he did not care.

"I know, I know, he can be a sentry on guard," exclaimed Ann Dunbar. "A sentry won't have to say a word." Then such a hustle and bustle to find him a wooden gun and a three-cornered hat. A cape was slung over his shoulders and Joe was ready for rehearsal, for Room 2 was to present Valley Forge, with all its hardships and sufferings.

The children of Room 3 carried out the scene at Mt. Vernon beautifully. The Indians of Braddock's defeat whooped and yelled while the Indian squaws dragged their wounded men to safety, and George Washington saved the day for the Colonial Army. Then Room 2 went on to the stage, with poor little frightened Joe to begin the play, as a little sentry. Miss Arnold looked worried as she watched the little group go on and on with their scene at Valley Forge. George Washington and his aides strode in. The girls, as soldiers' wives, brought in supplies to the weary soldiers. The little scene closed, and once more the little sentry marched alone as the curtain fell.

After the rehearsal was over every one in Room 2 felt that something was wrong with their play. The other rooms were acting with more skill and with more courage. After the children had gone, Miss Arnold sat at her desk, a bit troubled and more than a bit weary. She heard a noise at the door and there stood Tony, holding little Joe by the hand. A whisper, a few flashing smiles, and two little lads ran happily out of the yard toward home, and a tired teacher locked the door with a curious little smile on her lips.

On Washington's Birthday the excited children gathered at the school. Such rushing about the halls, hunting for

## JUNIOR EXCHANGE

1. I want to join the Junior Exchange. I am a girl eleven years old. Miss Virgie Williams, Scotland, Ark.

2. I would like to correspond with some boys from another state. I am a girl thirteen years of age and am a sophomore in High School. I have dark hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. I am five feet and one inch tall and weigh one hundred and five pounds. Hoping to be admitted to your junior club of correspondence, Miss Merle Bandy, Shawsville, Va.

3. I saw in the *Cheerful Letter*, in the Junior Exchange, if boys and girls would like to correspond with other girls and boys to send their names and addresses to the Editor. So I should like to correspond with girls and boys, as I think it nice to have friends to write to. I hope my name will reach you in time to be printed next month and also hope to be a correspondent with someone. Miss Lillian Lavender, Pleasant View, Va.

4. I wish to join the Junior Exchange. Sherman Williams, Box 19, Scotland, Ark.

Here are our first four members of the Junior Exchange. We are very glad to hear from them and hope some of our other readers will soon join them. We suggest that when you send in your name you do as most of these four have done—give us your age, and, if you will, tell us a little about yourself and your school. We hope that each one of these four will receive at least one letter from some other boy or girl who reads the *Cheerful Letter*.

—THE EDITOR.

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**A SENTRY FOR WASHINGTON** *Cont'd*

swords and wigs, such fear that one or another would be too late to take his place when the curtain rose! Then came the scramble for places, the flutter before the school orchestra began, the rustle of the fathers and mothers taking their places. Groups of children crowded behind the stage, the dressing rooms were jammed with little players, and one little girl was in tears with fright.

At last the curtain rose on one little boy, tramping on a darkened stage, a little sentry, on duty at Valley Forge. Then, listen! the sweetest clearest whistle arose as the little fellow marched back and forth. It was jolly and merry, as though the little guard were trying to keep up his courage in those awful days. Then something went wrong behind the scenes, George Washington had lost his wig and he could not go on until it was found. Every one hurried and scurried and got in each other's way, while the little sentry marched and whistled, sweet and high and clear, on and on and on. At last, after what seemed hours but was really only five minutes, the missing wig was found under the drum of Braddock's army and the play went on. George Washington and his soldiers appeared on the stage. The little sentry sank to the ground to take a much needed rest, while the players acted those days of battle and hardship of long, long ago.

Then Mrs. Washington poured tea at Mt. Vernon, Braddock was attacked, and the remainder of the army was saved by the young Washington, and at last Washington was inaugurated as our first president.

The judges were the mayor, the school superintendent and the librarian. They withdrew from the hall to decide which room deserved the picture. The children giggled and shivered with excitement. Who won? Which was best? Did Room 2 have any chance at all after that awful wait for the wig to be found? Each child was on tiptoe with eagerness. Then old Mr. Lord arose, the later afternoon sun shining on his white hair: "The judges find it most difficult to decide which room deserves the prize. The planning was equally careful, the scholarship was equally good, the acting was equally well done. However, the quick thought of the little soldier who kept to his post, his originality and his excellent acting, made the work of Room 2 a little the best, so to Room 2 I present this picture."

Cheers rang, hands clapped, and children shouted with glee. Little Joe was

smiled at, clapped on the back, and patted on the head to his utter confusion and bewilderment. What had happened he never knew, and he could not understand when Tommy exclaimed, "Just suppose Joe hadn't come! where would we have come out then?" *The Beacon.*

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### RIDDLES

1.

I'm bought and I'm sold; I'm used for a dinner;
Alike I am prized by saint or sinner;
I'm real and I'm false; sometimes used as a measure;
Much abuse have I borne to suit fashion's pleasure.
For swiftness I'm noted and also for glory,
True, I lost in the race, but that's an old story.

2.

You would find me a mouthful and more
But I'm not to be eaten at all,
And how can I be such a bore
When everyone knows I'm so small.

3.

Worn by both men and women, too,
In any city bought and sold;
But to be seen in them was thought
A sad disgrace in days of old;
How lovely in our garden beds
They grow in colors manifold.

By HELEN A. SIBLEY.

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Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

—*Holmes.*

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Too much rest is rust.

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.
MISS LOTTIE M. ALLEN, *Secretary*, 330 Randolph Avenue, Milton, Mass.
MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

### ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

### WHERE TO WRITE

*Letters containing subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

*Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed* in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

*Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

*Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman,* 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and eare can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

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